neck.

I had scarcely accomplished this, when there was a tap on the inner door.

"Robert!" Alice said.

"Yes, love! Speak low, there is a man under

"Yes, dear."

"I am going to Paris. There is no man under my window, and I can get out there. I have six long roller-towels here, knotted together, and I have cut my white skirt into wide strips, to join them. The rope made so, reaches nearly to the ground. I shall fasten it to the door-knob, and let myself down. It will not take long to reach home, saddle Selim, and reach Paris in time. Don't fear for me. When you hear a hen cackling under my window, you will know I am safely on the ground."

ly on the ground."

Little Alice! My heart throbbed heavily as

I heard her heroic proposals, but I dared not

stop her.

"God bless and protect you," I said, and listened for her signal. Soon the cackling neise
told me the first step of her perilons undertak-

Ing was taken.

It was dark, cloudy, and threatening a storm, and, as nearly as I could guess, close upon 9 o'clock. I could only wait and pray. I was too much stunned eyen yet to realize the heroism of this timid woman, starting alone upon the dark ride, through a wild country, with a storm threatening.

threatening.
Nine e'clock! As the bell of the church-clock

Nine o'clock! As the bell of the church-clock crased to strike, a rumble, a flash, told me a thunder-storm was coming rapidly. Oh, the long, long minutes of the next hour.

Ten o'clock, The rain falling in torrents, the thunder pealing, lightning flashing! Alice was so afraid of lightning! Often I had held her, white as death, trembling, almost fainting, in such a storm as this. Had she feared to start, with the storm in prospect, or was she lying somewhere on the wild road, overcome by terror, or perhaps stricken by lightning!

Eleven o'clock. The storm was over, though still the night was inky black. No sound to cheer

the night was inky black. No sound to cheer me; none to make the bideous suspense more endurable. A host of possibilities, like fright-ful nightmares, chased one another through my

elock tolled midnight, all was safe.

I was drenched with perspiration wrung from me by mental agony one hour; chilled with horror the next. No words can describe the misery of waiting, as the minutes dragged slowly along. In the dead silence, a far-off sound struck a thrill of horror to my horse for ward in the learner to be a supplied to the lear

In the dead silence, a far-off sound struck a thrill of herror to my heart, far exceeding even the previous agony. Far, far away, a faint whistle came through the air. Nearer and nearer, then the distant rumble of the train, growing more and more distinct.

The midnight down-train was coming swiftly, and the certain destruction! Where was my

surely, to certain destruction! Where was my wife! Had the ruffians intercepted her at the cottage! Was she lying dead somewhere upon the road! Her heroism was of no avail, but

was her life saved? In the agony of that ques-

far more the bitterness of Alice lost, than the horror of the doomed lives it carried. Why had

Would the next hour never pass? Once the

ing was taken.

"Are you alone in the room ?"
"Yes, dear."

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# "Never!" I said, indignantly. "We must force you, then. Tie him fast!" I trembled for Alice. If only my life were at stake, I could have borne it better. But even if we were both murdered, I could not take the blood of the passengers on the train upon my head. Not a sound came from the little room, as I was tied, hand and foot, to my chair, bound so securely that I could not move. It was proposed to gag me, but finally concluded that my cries, if I made any, could not be heard, and a handkerchief was bound over my month. The door of the wash-room was closed and locked, Alice still undiscovered; then the light was blown out, and the ruffians left me, locking the door after them, There was a long silence. Outside I could hear the step of one of the men pacing up and down, watching. I rubbed my head against the wall behind me, and succeeded in getting the handkerchief off my mouth, to fall around my neck. I had scarcely accomplished this, when there

# Choice Boetry.

BOYHOOD. BY THE LATE CHARLES HAMMOND.

How oft, amid the sordid strife
Of worldly wisdom, have I turned
To memory's scenes of early life,
And o'er my joyous boyheed mearned;
How oft have wished, 'mid care and pain,
To be that buoyant boy again!

To sleep beneath the slanting roof, And hear the pattering rain-drops fall, Or listen to the lively proof Of vagrants round my airy hall; Yet rise at morn with wonted giee, To wade the brook or climb the tree.

To join the sturdy reaper's train,
What time the lark her matin singsWhen, mounting with impassioned str
She bathes in Hight her glimmering v
And poised in air, is scarcely seen,
So high amid the dazzling sheen.

Twas mine to trap beside the stream, Or angle 'neath the alder's shade; To tend the plow, or drive the team, Or seek the herd in distant glade, Whence oft, from clustering thickets, shrill Rang out the notes of whippoorwill.

Those trembling notes—so long and wild—Were music to my boyish ear;
Thought backward flies—and, as a child,
E'en now methinks the sounds I hear;
While fancy spreads before my eye
The dewy glade and moonlight sky.

The "lowing berd," now wending slow Along the wood their homeward way; The winding stream's dark glossy flow, The illied vale, the woodland gay, Still float in visions bland and bright, As on that balmy Summer's night;

When, standing on the distant hill, With boy-born fancies wand ring free, I saw no specter d form of ill Rise in the bright faturity; But all, instead, was joyous, clear, Buoyant with hope, untenched with fear.

Oh! those were boyhood's cloudless hours, And sweet on wings unsullied flew; But pride soon dreamed of loftier bowers; And wealth her golden lustre threw O'er tempting scenes, as false as fair, And bade my spirit seek her there.

And I have sought her not in vain:
I might have piled her treasures high,
But that I scorned her sordid reign,
And turned me from her soulless eye;
I could not delve her dirty mine,
And would not worship at her shrine.

I would not stoop to flatter power, For any vile or selfish end; I could not change, with every hour, My faith, my feelings, or my friend; And, last of all, would I entrust

The God that reared the woodland heights. And spread the flowery valleys wide, A waked, within isy mind, delights That spurned the lirres of human pride; And stern forbade, in accents known, To worship aught be neath his throns.

# Select Story.

## A NIGHT OF TERROR.

BY ANNIE SHEILDS.

This night, which will dwell in my memory with vivid distinctness while life and reason are left to me, was in October, 1870. I was at that time a telegraph operator, stationed in the little town of Deering, upon the line of the Pacific Railroad, between the cities of D— and G—. Six miles farther west was the more pretentions town of Paris, upon the direct road to D—. Deering was by no means a model residence.

There were lager beer gardens, drinking saloons and gambling houses, out of all proportion to the more respectable stores and proportion to there was scarcely a day passed that there was not a bawl amongst the ruffians around us. Still, there was a school, and a timid little blue-eyed woman had come from Vermont to teach

How long an unprotected woman might have lived in Decring, I can only guess, for Alice Holt had been there but three months when she sented to walk into church with me one day and walk out my wife. This was in July, and we had occupied a pretty cottage nearly quarter of a mile from the telegraph office since our mar-

riage.

Being the only man employed in the telegraph Being the only man employed in the telegraphic business at Deering, I was obliged to remain constantly in the office during the day and part of the evening, and Alice, horself, brought me my dinner and supper. There was a small room next the office, with a window, but only one door, communicating with the larger room. Here Alice had fitted up a dressing-table and mirror, a wash-stand, and some abelves, where ahe kept pepper salt and pickles for my office repast. The two rooms were on the second floor of a wooden building, that stood alone.

With this necessary introduction, I come to the story of that October night, and the part my blue-eyed Alice, only eighteen, and afraid of her own shadow, played in it.

own shadow, played in it.

I was in the office at about half-past seven o'cleck, when one of the city officials came in,

all flurried, saying:
"Stirling, have you been over to the embankment on the road to-day?" The embankment was not a quarter of a mile

The embankment was not a quarter of a mile from the office, on the east side.

"No; I have not."

"It was a special Providence took me there, then. One of the great masses of rock has rolled down directly across the track. It will be as dark as a wolf's mouth to-night, and if the midnight train comes from D—, there will be a horrible amash-up."

"The midnight train must ston at Paris then."

"The midnight train must stop at Paris, then," I replied. "I will send a message."
"Yes. That is what I stopped in fer. The other track is clear, so you need not stop the

"All right, sir." I was standing at the door, seeing my caller

I was standing at the door, seeing my caller down the ricketty staircase, when Alice came up with my supper. It was hot, and I was cold, so I drew up a table, and opening can and basket, sat down to enjoy it. Time enough for business, I thought, afterwards. As I sate, we chatted. "Any messages to-day?" my wife asked. "One from D——, for John Martin."

"John Martin!" Alice cried; "the greatest ruffian in Deering. What was the message?"

"Midnight train."

"Was that all?"

"That was all. Mr. Hill has just been in here,

That was all. Mr. Hill has just been in here "That was all. Mr. Hill has just been in here, to tell me that there is a huge rock across the track at the embankment, so I shall stop the midnight train at Paris. The passengers must wait a few hours there, and come on in the morning, after the track is cleared."

"Have you sent the message, Robert?"

"Not yet. There is plenty of time. That train does not reach Paris till 11:30, and it is not yet eight. Yes—it is just striking."

eight. Yes—it is just striking."
"Better send it, Robert. If there should be an

accident, you would never forgive yourself. Send it, while I put some clean towels in the washroom, and then I will come and sit with you thy you can go home."

She went into the dressing room as she spoke, She went into the dressing-room as she spoke, taking no light, but depending upon the caudles burning in the office. I was rising from my seat to send the telegram, when the door opened, and four of the worst characters in Deering, led by John Martin, entered the room. Before I could speak, two threw me back in my chair, one held a revolver to my head, and John Martin spoke:

Martin spoke:
"Mr. Hill was here, to tell you to stop the

D—train. You will not send that message.
Listen. The rock is there to stop that train—put there for that purpose. There is half a million in gold in the express car. Do you understand? would risk all the lives in the train to

"Exactly!" was the cool reply. "One-fifth is yours, if you keep back the message. The mensy has been watched all the way from San Fran-

I saw the whole diabolical scheme at once. If the train came, it would be thrown off at the embankment, and easily plundered by the villains, who would lie in wait there.

"Come," Martain said, "will you join us?"

—Boston Globe.

General Beauregard has fought out the war in Europe—on paper—and whipped the Russians terribly. It is the most successful of Beauregard's campaigns.—Graphic.

## TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1877.

# Miscellany. ACROSS THE FIELD OF BARLEY.

"To-morrsw, ma, I'm sweet sixteen,
And Billy Grimes, the drover,
Has poppd the question to me, ma,
And wants to be my lover;
To-morrow morn, he says, mamma,
He's coming here quite early,
To take a pleasant walk with me,
Across the field of barley."

"You must not go, my gentle dear,
There's no use now a talking;
You shall not go across the field
With Billy Grimes a walking.
To think of his presumption, too!
The dirty, ugly drover;
I wonder where your pride has gone,
To think of such a lover!"

"Old Grimes is dead, you know, mam. And Billy is so lonely; Besidea, they say, to Grimes' estate, That Billy is the only Surviving heir to all that's left, And that, they say, is nearly A good ten thousand pounds, mamma And quite six hundred yearly!"

"I did not hear, my daughter dear, Your last remark quite clearly; But Billy is a clever lad, And no doubt loves you dearly. Remember, then, to-morrow morn, To be up bright and early. To take a picasant walk with him, Across the field of barley!"

MODERN EUROPE.

No. V. EUROPEAN BALANCE OF POWER AND THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE. POLICY OF RUSSIA, ENGLAND, AND FRANCE-NAPOLEON' Notwithstanding the blind attitude of European diplomacy, the \$500,000,000 of Turkish bonds held by British subjects, the 30,000,000 of Mohammedans under the British sceptre, the purchase by England of the controling shares in the Isthmus of Suez Canal, and the traditional doctrine of the balance of power, the Czars of all the Russias have decreed "The Empire of the Koran must fall!" This is the dynastic policy of the Muscovite rulers, from the great Peter down to Alexander. As the Koran is the fundamental law of Turkey, Africa, and a great part of the East, the "Eastern question" is, therefore, more properly speaking, the Europeo-Africo-Asiatic VIEWS-PROBABLE COMBINATION-PROBABLE RESULT. East, the "Eastern question" is, therefore, more properly speaking, the Europeo-Africo-Asiatic question, the question of three continents, thirteen seas, four occans, seven empires, and especially of the Mediterranean kingdoms, regencies, and principalities. Such a catastrophe as the fall of the Torkish Empire, in the onward march of modern civilization, is generally accepted by the statesmen of the old world, as sooner or later inevitable, and the Eastern question is cenceded to be as much a religious as political one, precisely in the sense in which the Western or Roman Papal question has been regarded. The war it will involve one day will be not merely a war of crowns and dynasties, but of nations, races, and opinions, including the entire resettlement of Europe and part of the East, erasing the ancient landmarks of ten centuries as thoroughly as those of the old Roman Papal Empire under the irruption of the Goths, the Vandals, and the Huns, or the overthrow of Eastern Christendom under the banners of Mohammed II. and der the irruption of the Gottas, the Vandais, and the Huns, or the overthrow of Eastern Christendom under the banners of Mohammed II. and Solyman the Magnificent. Shallow, pragmatic critics of history, incapable of grasping wide relations or watching the "predetermined march" of events in the evolution of the progress of humanity, or the eastward stride of modern civilization, mock at the predicted "drying up of the Enphrates" as a delusion of certain interpreters of revealed prophecies. And yet the evaporation of the Mohammedan tide that overflowed the Euphrates and swelled so high over Europe has gone on steadily for two centuries, and, in the analogous case of the Western Question, the predicted loss to the Papal Tiara of the three Kingdoms that gave to it its triple form and name in the Middle Age, was fulfilled in the Franco-Italian War that preceded the Franco-Prus-

co-Italian War that preceded the Franco-Prus

means, simply, that international constitution by virtue of which no one among them may in

jure the independence, integrity and essential rights of another without meeting with the pledged resistance of all. All the States of Eu-

co-Italian War that preceded the Frauco-Prussian, and was reported to the world while they read the papers, with the mist still untaken away from their eyes. But European publicists and statesmen already confess the contemporaneous doom of the "Sick Man" of the East, and the "Infallible Man" of the West. Already the Pope has been discrewned, and the Sultan will soon achieve the same fate. The double soonges of Christendom are booked for a common end. horror of the doomed lives it carried. Why had I let her start upon her mad errand † I tried to move. I writhed in impotent fury upon my chair, forcing the cruel cords to tear my flesh, as I vainly tried to lossen even one hand. The heavy train rumbled past the telegraph office. It was an express train, and did not stop at Deering station; but as I listened, every sense sharpened by my mental torture, it seemed to me that the speed slackened. Listening intently, I knew that it stopped at the embankment, as nearly as I could judge. Not with the sickening crash I expected, not preceeding wails and groans from the injured passengers, but Nestorian, Syrian, Cretan, and Bulgarian massa-cres, by the 10,000 victims at a time, tell Europe plainly that Turkish atrocities can only be pre-vented by the extinction of the Turk. Propos-ed reforms formulated in Tanzimats and Hattied reforms formulated in Tanzimats and Hattischeriffs, or new constitutions, have all been in
vain. "Is it possible," exclaims an eminent English journal, "that we are drifting into a war in
defense of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire?"
The separation of the territories of Europe into distinct nationalities and independent States,
after the fall of the Western Roman Empire in
the fifth century, awakened certain mutual jealousies and fears, and gave birth to what is called the system of the "Balance of Power." It
means, simply, that international constitution gradually and carefully. A moment more, and I heard shouts, the crack of fire arms, wounds of some conflict.

What could it all mean? The minutes were

hours, till I heard a key turn in the door of my prison, and a moment later, two tender arms were round my neck, and Alice was whispering in my ear:

"They will come in a few minutes, love, to set you free! The villains left the key in the door! I thought of that before I started, but

there was a man on the front, watching. I crept round the house, and saw him, so I did not dare "But have you been to Paris!"

"In all that storm?"
"Selim seemed to understand. He carried me swiftly and surely. I was well wrapped in my water-proof cloak and hood. When I reached Paris, the train had not come from D—."

Paris, the train had not come from D...."

"But it is here f"

"Only the locomotive and one car. In that car were a Sheriff, deputy Sheriff, and twenty men armed to the teeth, to capture the gang at the embankment. I came, too, and they lowered me from the platform when the speed slackened, so that I could run here and tell you all was safe."

While we spoke, my wife's fingers had first

ened, so Inat I could run here and tell you all was safe."

While we spoke, my wife's fingers had first nutied the handkerchief sround my neck, and then, in the dark, found some of the knots of the cords binding me. But I was still tied fast and strong, when there was a rush of many feet upon the staircase, and in another moment, light, and joyful voices.

"We've captured the whole nine!" was the good news. "Three, including John Martin, are desperately wounded, but the surprise was perfect! Now, old fellow, for you!"

A dozen clasp knives at once severed my bonds, and a dozen hands were extended in greeting.

greeting.
As for the praises showered upon my placky little wife, it would require a volume to tell half

little wife, it would require a volume to tell half of them.

The would-be assassins and robbers were taken to D—for trial, and would have escaped, had not John Martin, ou his death-bed, turned State's evidence. His ante-mortem testimony sent the survivors to the penitentiary.

Alice and Heft Deering for a more civilized community, the following year. But before we went, there was an invitation sent to us to meet a committee from the railroad company at Paris, on Thanksgiving Day. We accepted; had a dinner; were toasted and complimented, and then Alice was presented with a silver tea-service, as a testimonial from the passengers upon that threatened down-train, the express company, and railroad directors, in token of their gratitude for the lives and property saved by her beroism.

His "Dream."—It seems to be President Hayes' dream to thoroughly unite the North and South in a lasting union during his term of office. He is reported as saying that, in addition to his policy of non-intervention, he would recommend that the test oath administered to members of Congress be abolished as a useless and irritating reminder of an unfortunate period in the Nation's history. He would encourage the development of the resources and promotion of the industries of the South as far as that lies within the power of the National Government, and believes that of the National Government, and believes that the removal of causes of political agitation of purely sectional issues and the return of materiprosperity will tend to awaken a national feel-ing in the South, and open up a grand career for er and a new and glorious era for the Republic. -Boston Globe.

she put an end to Poland. In 1774 she got into the Black Sea, in 1783 took the Crimea from the Turks, and annexed the Sea of Azoff, and in 1792 cut for herself another slice from the Ottoman territory, with Odessa as a port. In 1809 she took Finland and the Gulf of Bothnia from Sweden, and compelled Europe to tear Norway from Denmark and give it to Sweden in return. In 1812 she obtained Bessarabia, and the mouths of the Danube and Asiatic forts of Turkey in 1829. Grasping the Moldo-Wallachian provinces, she relinquished them, at the threat of the Westera Powers, yet made treaty that her own institutions and government should be respected therein, and that Turkish troops should never be allowed to enter or occupy them. Taking advantage of the war of the Sultan with the Pasha of Egypt, 1829-32, she saved Constantinople, for

remained to be done, as a friend, was to claim the "protectorate" over all the subjects of the Porte belonging to the Greek Church, and then seize by force, in 1854, the Turkish principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, the result of which was the Crimean War. The Protectorate is still asserted, notwithstanding the treaty of Paris, 1856, just after the Crimean War, by which that Protectorate was relinquished to the Western Powers, on condition of their paying the expenses of the Crimean Campaign, and by which Russia was pledged not to collect a fleet in the Black Ses, the Bosphorus, or the Mediterranean. The Czar consenting with King William of Germany, during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 2, to wink at the drubbing the Frank was giving the Turk, it was quietly understood that King

the Turk, it was quietly understood that King William in turn, some day, would wink at the drubbing the Cossack would give the Turk. At once the Cabinet of St. Petersburg announced to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg announced to ished Europe that the Paris treaty of 1856 astonished Europe that the Paris treaty of 1856 was only waste paper, inasmuch as Germany knocked to pieces the European equilibrium guaranteed by all the Powers in 1815, just after the Napoleonic wars, and that now Russia is free from all obligations as to the neutralization of the Black Sea and the policy of aggression upon the Ottomas Empire. King William smiled. England was compelled by diplomacy to accede to the Russian's demands. Austria was quieted. France could do nothing. Italy was busy with Victor Immanuel and the Pope, and Castellar was amusing himself with revolutions and reforms in Spain. The cable brings us the news of Bis-

amusing himself with revolutions and reforms in Spain. The cable brings us the news of Bismarck's assertion that, in reference to the present Servo-Turkish War, "Germany will not abandon Russia, but, if necessary, follow her into the field, for the adjustment of the Eastern question." Austria, too, thinks, as Count Audrassy says, that Turkey must be divided. The

On the Rock of St. Helena Napoleon the Great predicted, however, to Gov. Hudson, the certain conquest of Constantinople by Russia. "In the natural course of events," said he, "Turkey must fall to Russia. The greatest part of her people are Greeks, who, you may say, are Russians. The powers it would injure are Engiand, France, Austria, and Prussia. As to Austria, it will be very assy for Russia, to genger, her France, Austria, and Prussia. As to Austria, it will be very easy for Russia to engage her assistance, by giving her Servia and other provinces bordering on the Austrian dominious reaching near Constantinople. The only hypothesis that ever France and England may be allied with sincerity will be in order to prevent this, (as was the case, partly, in the Crimsan War.) But even this will not avail. France, England, and Prussia, united can not prevent it. Once But even this will not avail. France, and Prussia, united, can not prevent it. Once mistress of Constantinople, Russia gets all the commerce of the Mediterranean, becomes a great naval power, and God knows then what may have been off

naval power, and God knows then what may happeu. She quarrels with you, and marches off an army of 70,000 good soldiers, and 100,000 Cossacks, which to her is nothing, and England loses India. All this I foresaw. I see further into futurity than others, and I wanted to establish a barrier against those barbarians by re-ostablishing the kingdom of Poland, and putting Poniatowski at its head, but you imbeciles of ministers would not consent. A hundred years hence I shall be praised, and Europe, especially England, will lament that I did not succeed. When they see the fairest countries in Europe overrun and a prey to northern barbarians, they will say Napoleon was right!"

Sixty years ago these predictions came from

pledged resistance of all. All the States of Europe were to be the guardians of each, and any State, moved by ambition, to impose upon auother, was to be counted the common enemy of all. The growth of the European nations, therefore, has been watched with the greatest anxiety, and mutual combinations have frequently been made for self-protection against preponderance of power, whether military, commercial, maratime, territorial or political. This doctrine of the "Balance of Power," founded on no moral principle whatever, but only on fear and the assumed equal right of each to exist forever, regardless of the character of its institutions or run and a prey to northern barbarians, they will say Napoleon was right?"

Sixty years ago these predictions came from Napoleon in exile. Forty years remain, according to his calculation, for their fulfillment, and it is very probable that the last quarter of the present century may suffice for this, if not loss. The humiliation of Austria at Sadowa, by Prassia, the humiliation of France at Sedan, by Germany, and the humiliation of the temporal Papacy at Rome, by Italy, all recent events, are full of significance for the solution of the Eastern question. And what has resulted from these, viz.: the unification of Italy, the conciliation of Austria to Germany, by allowing the establishment of the Austro-Hungarian Kingdom, the restoration of the mighty German Empire, whereby Germany is raised to the first place in Europe, the prostration of France, the decay of England's influence on the Continent, and the embodiment of Spain. All this, together with the good understanding now between Germany, Austria, and Russia, now so strong, makes much of Napoleon's prophesy as certain as any future political event can be. The German and Sclavonic races will combine in the solution of the Eastern question, Persia being under the influence of Russia, and neither England nor the Romanic races will be able to foil their endeavor. The inclinations of Croatia, Bosnia, Servia, Wallachia, Moldavia, Herzegovinia, and Montenegro, to Russian influence and coutrol, is a proof in the same direction. All the foreign news of to-day, as to the Servo-Turkish War, only confirms this view. Russia is bound to possess the Golden Horn and the city of Constantine, before long. Even Napoleon's Polish break water could not have prevented, but only delayed it, had he been successful in his Russian campaign.

England will fight to the death for "Balance sumed equal right of each to exist forever, regardless of the character of its institutions or the welfare of man, explains all the wars of Enrope, especially from the time of the empire of Charlemagne, all its treaties, compacts, military and diplomatic movements, and all. It has stood in the way of national self-development, while professing to promote it. The potentates of Europe loudest in its praise have been the most audacious violators of its pretensions; and oftentimes justly as well as unjustly, for, founded only on selfishness, it has been a Moloch to which the weak have been sacrificed by the strong, and has appeared as the enemy of human progress perhaps more frequently than the friend of the oppressed.

This doctrine the European Powers have hitherto invoked in the interest of the Ottoman Em-

erto invoked in the interest of the Ottoman Em-pire, and against the effort of Russia to develop her civilization by means of the capture of Cosstantinople.

The Czars of Russia have been charged with

The Czars of Russia have been charged with inordinate ambition, but the charge lies with as great force against those who prefer it. Every monarch is bound to do the best he can for the development of his nation, and if another nation, hostile, like the Turkish, to all progress, built upon the fraud of a pretended revelation to an Arabian propagandist, the swern enemy of Christianity, and camped, as a savage tribe, in the heart of Europe, stands in the way of such development, the ambition that seeks to remove the obstacle will be justified, in spite of the doctrine of "balance of power," and the selfish protest of a disturbed European equilibrium.

When Peter the Great ascended his throne, in 1689, he found himself, not a European potentate, but the ruler of half-civilized Asiatic hordes. He aspired to be a sovereign, to civilize his peo-Arabian propagandist, the swern enemy of Christianity, and camped, as a savage tribe, in the heart of Europe, stands in the way of such development, the ambition that seeks to remove the obstacle will be justified, in spite of the doctribe of "balance of power," and the selfish protest to a disturbed European equilibrium.

When Peter the Great ascended his throne, in 1989, he found himself, not a European potentate, but the ruler of half-civilized Asiatic hordes. He aspired to be a sovereign, to civilize his peotope, and davelop the resources of his vast territory. His only outlets were the Arctic Ocean and the Caspian Sea, his only ports were Archangel and Astrakan. Sweden cut him off from the Baltic, and Turkey cut him off from the Baltic, and Russia frouble in the rear, and break up the Caspian Baltic, and Russia frouble in the rear, and break up the Caspian Baltic, and Russia frouble in the rear, and break up the Caspian and Sclavonic combination. She will result in the rear, and the self-internation, and the relictant and the content of the decaping of the season and the relictant and the relictant and t

she put an end to Poland. In 1774 she got into the Black Sea, in 1783 took the Crimes from the Turks, and annexed the Sea of Azoff, and in 1792 cut for herself another slice from the Ottoman territory, with Odessa as a port. In 1809 she took Finland and the Gulf of Bothnia from Sweden, and compelled Europe to tear Norway from Denmark and give it to Sweden in return. In 1812 she obtained Bessarabia, and the months of the Danube and Asiatic forts of Turkey in 1829. Grasping the Moldo-Wallachian provinces, she relinquished them, at the threat of the Western Powers, yet made treaty that her own institutions and government should be respected theroin, and that Turkish troops should never be allowed to enter or occupy them. Taking advantage of the war of the Sultan with the Pasha of Egypt, 1829-32, she saved Constantinople, for the time, to the Turk, but shrewdly bound the Sultan and Sublime Porte to assist her in every future war, and pledged for Turkey, at the same time, her own vigilant Russian care. All that remained to be done, as a friend, was to claim the "protectorate" over all the subjects of the Porte belonging to the Greek Church, and then seize by force, in 1854, the Turkish principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, the result of which was the Crimean War. The Protectorate is still to the subjects of the land of the past. This is speculation, but it is speculation of the soberest kind. freedom of the Isthmus of Suez, would get the has been the land of the past. This is specula-tion, but it is speculation of the soberest kind, by the ablest and wisest statesmen of Ecrope to-day, and politics, religion, and all the analogies of epoch-making movements in the past, and the indications of the present, only confirm and in-

Constantinople, in a geographical point of view, may be regarded as the most valuable town site in the world. Nature seems to have designed it to be the capital of the Eastern Hemhere. It is situated at the focal point of three continents. A remarkable chain of seas, the one running into the other, stretches northeasterly, running into the other, stretches northeasterly, between the three continents—Africa, Europe and Asia. They are in a large sense sausage-shaped. By the old pillars of Hercules—the geographical fact perpetuated in our symbol for dollars—now the Straits of Gibraltar, entrance is made into the Mediterranean. By the Dardan-elles a passage is furnished from the Mediterranean into the Sea of Marmora. By the Bosphorns there is an outiet from the Sea of Marmora into the Black Sea, and by the Yenikale the Sea of Azov can be reached from the last mentioned sea. All these straits are narrow and winding, presenting a certain general resemblance. In presenting a certain general resemblance. In the centre of the series—on the neck of land be tween the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora—

in Spain. The cable brings us the news of Bismarck's assertion that, in reference to the present of the present have been, of the empire, was cast on its most distant frontier. Constantinople in the hands of the Eastern Emperors, never got much beyond a real estate speculation. At length it fell to the Moslems, who have retained possession of it since the eleventh century, with the exception of the brief period during which it was held by of the brief period during which it was held the Crusaders.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Turkish Official Titles. Sultan—The Sovereign of the Turkish Empire—the recognized organ of all executive power in the State. His headquarters are at Constanti-

pple.

Porte—The Government of the Turkish Empire.

Sublime Ports—The official name of the Government, so called from the gate of the Sultan's

Grand Vizier-The chief Minister of the Turksh Empire.

Diran—The Turkish Council of State—the

"Cabinet."

Grand Mufti—Chief interpreter of the Mohammedan law and head of the "Wise Men"—jurists, theologians and literati—who assemble for consultation on his order. He is mostly styled the Chief of the Faithful. A writer says a fetra or Chief of the Fathini. A writer says a fewa or decree from him would summon around the standard of the Prophet all the fanatical hordes of Islam to fight to the death against the "infidels, in the firm belief that death on the battle-field is a sure passport to Paradise." ors, viceroys, commanders, civ-

and military rulers of provinces. News—About the same as Pasna.

Sheik—The name given the heads of Arabian tribes or clans. It means elder, or eldest in dignity and authority.

Osmandi—Turkish official.

Islam—The religion of Mohammed.

Islams—Mohammedans themselves.

Ottoman Empire—Another name for the Turk-ish Empire, and derives its name from Osman, its founder. Osmanlis-The Turks proper.-Cincinnati En-

A Mania for Clocks.—One of those odd geniuses who spend their lives and means in collecting curions and rare articles, lately died. His name was Sylvester Bonaffon, a retired merchant of Philadelphia. His chief mania was for clocks, which literally covered every portion of available space in his spartments, whether they were placed on chairs, tables, shelves, or hung against the wall. Some of these time-pieces were of unique construction. One clock was made to run 400 days after one winding; another was set in the dash-board of his carriage, and he used to regulate his drivers to an exact period by it. In fact, he seems to have utilized his clocks to maintain his reputation for minute punctuality.—Pablisher's Monthly. A MANIA FOR CLOCKS .- One of those odd gen-

punctuality.—Pablisher's Monthly.

It is well known that Byron left an autobiography, which he gave to Tom Moore. The latter sold it to Murray for £2,000, for publication; but subsequently Moore, at the instance of some of Byron's frieuds, who deemed it totally unfit for publication, bought it back. Among those who read it was Washington Irving, who, in his later days, often gave to his intimate frieuds many particulars regarding this work. It is now stated that the son of one of these frieuds intends to publish a work, under the title of "The Suppressed Biography of Byron," and great indignation is expressed. Washington Irving, we are happy to know, expressed his opinion most strongly against its publication.

THE old King of Gaboon, in Africa, is dead at the age of nearly one hundred. His eldest son, Andaude, at once, on succeeding him, cashiered the hundred women of his father's harem, liberthe hundred women of his father's narem, liber-ating fifty slaves, and abolished the sacrifice of human beings at the religious rites. Admiral Ribaut and staff, of the French squadron in the Gulf of Guinea, assisted at the coronation core-monics. The Admiral gave the King a cow and a bull, by way of starting a herd of cattle for His Majesty.

lis Majesty. THE insult which Fred. Douglass offered to Washington people was mortal. He said be heard one remark in the morning: "I'd a swo' I heard you 'uns sno' so it shook the flo'. You oughter shut de do' mo' befo'." Some outrages cannot be foreign.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. BY JOHN G. WHITTIER [The following poem was read at the inauguration of the

Among their graven shapes to whom Thy civic wreaths belong. O, city of his love! make room For one whose gift was song.

Not his the soldier's award to wield, Nor his the helm of State, Nor glory of the stricken field, Nor triumph of debate.

In common ways, with common men, He served his race and time As well as if his clerkly pen. Had never danced to rhyme.

If, in the througed and policy mart, The Muses found their son, Could any say his tuneful art A duty left undone!

He toiled and sang: and year by year, Men found their homes more sweet, And through a tenderer atmosphere Locked down the brick-walled street

The Greek's wild onset Wall Street knew, The Red King walked Broadway; And Alnwick Castle's roses blow From Palisades to Bay.

Fair City by the Sea! upraise His veil with reverent hands; And mingle with thy own the praise And pride of other lands.

Let Greece his flery lyric breathe Above her here urns; And Scotland, with her helly, wreath The flower he culled for Burns.

Not less the pulse of trade shall beat, Not less thy tall fleets awim, That shaded square and dusty street Are classic ground through him.

Alive, he loved, like all who sing. The echoes of his song; Too late the tardy meed we bring. The praise delayed so long. Too late, alas! Of all who knew The living man, to-day Before his unveiled face, how few Make bare their locks of gray!

Our lips of praise must soon be dumb, Our grateful eyes be dim; O, brothers of the day to come, Take tender charge of him!

ple of the North put down the greatest rebellion ever known, and now the government is turned right over to the very men who sought its des-truction, and that, too, by a man who was made truction, and that, too, by a man who was made President at the cost of God only knows how many lives of Union men. I have lived here long enough to know that the people of the South are just the same overbearing, bitter, intolerant people they were before the war, and always will be so long as we have a subservient people at the North, ready to do their bidding. De Bow's Review, a magazine published here before the war, and an able publication, too, said: "The Huguanots, Jacobites and Cavaliers, who settled the South, naturally hate, despise and contemn the Puritans who settled the North. The former are a master race, the latter a slave contemn the Puritans who settled the North. The former are a master race, the latter a slave race, descended from the Saxon serfa." The Southern people believed this then; they know it neer, and are proving it to the world. The only thing I regret—perhaps I ought not to say the only thing—my first regret is, that I shouldered my musket in 1861, and spent over four of the best years of my life in fighting the Southern rebels.

The time is not far distant when men like myself, if allowed to get away from here alive, will have to get on our knees to the Congress of the United States, and humbly beg for a pardou, and for the removal of that disability occasioned by having been an officer of the United States army during the rebellion. These rebels will soon have undisputed possession of the Government, if they have not already secured it. Claims of every conceivable character, for damages, acment, if they have not already secured it. Claims of every conceivable character, for damages, actual and consequential, will come before Congress for payment. The rebel war debts will be assumed, and the blue-backed bonds of every class will be paid. Merchanra will come up for damages consequent upon stagnation of business because of the blockade of Southern ports, damages consequent upon stagnation of business because of the blockade of Southern ports, and ship owners will claim damages because their vessels were not allowed to roam the high seas during the rebellion. The widows and orphans of rebel soldiers will be pensioned, and the names of the maimed and disabled rebel soldiers will be put on the pension rolls side by side with those of our own soldiers. The slaves will be paid for, and the planters will claim and receive compensation because they were driven from their homes by the Union soldiers. Some may doubt this, but the Southerners are to-day just as much the masters of the North as they were before the war, in the days of slavery, when they cracked their whips over doughfaces in Congress, and compelled them to fall into line. These Southern masters will again crack their whips, and their crouching, cringing, subservient, lick-spitting slaves of the North will take from their pockets to pay these claims; and pay them they ought to, for their imbecility, and for not knowing how to prize the freedom bought at such a price. at such a price.
I worked too hard and risked too much to sit

The time is not far distant when men like

at such a price.

I worked too hard and risked too much to sit down now and take quietly such insults as have been heaped upon the Republicans at the South, by the one they would have died for; yes, and many did die in their efforts to elect him to office. The abandoument by the President of the Republicans of South Carolina and Louisiana, is an abandonment and giving up of the National Republican party of the country. That party can never ancosed again. What inducements have Republicans to make another fight? What security have they that the next time they will not be sold right out again? Hayes pretended to believe Wade Hampton's promises. They are as brittle as a pipe-stem. Did he not say that no method except an appeal to the courts should be resorted to to obtain control of the State offices? When Chamberlain, knowing how unequal was the contest between himself, on the one side, and Hampton and Hayes on the other, gave up his office, it was supposed Hampton would keep this agreement. But he did not do so. The North has been hoodwinked and deluded by fair promises; when it is too late, the Northern people will wake up, and find how much they have been deceived. I cannot remain here, as the people say they will shoot me if they cannot get rid of me otherwise. What property I have must be sacrificed, and I must get away. Where to go I do not know, nor what is to become of me and my family. I can hardly find words to express my feelings toward Hayes and Matthews and Foster. Who are they, that they should trade off the Republicans of the South The feelings, but others can not.—Boston Traveller.

THE Russians march in Massachusetts aboes.

| From the Toledo Blade. | THE NASBY LETTERS.

Mr. Nasby Gives His Views as to the President's Policy, and Makes a Few Unimportant Demands.

### CONFEDRIT X ROADS, WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY,

WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY,

May 23, 1877.

The Yooserper Haze is nothin but a disappintment to the Corners. He duzu't give me haff a chance, she seems to take a delite in disappintin my expectashens. When he removed the nine hundred soljers from the South, and thus emanolpatid from the grindin effex uv military despotism three milyuns uv peeple, it seemed to be so dreckly aimed at my intrests that I took it ez a personal matter. Them soljers hed bin board, lodgin and likker to me for a grate menny yeers. Whenever we, nv the Corners, wuz reproached for not doin nothin, I cood alluz inflame the peeple in Bascom's and wither the reproacher by askin wat cood be expected when the Corners, wuz a groanin under military rool? Duz Poland go forrerd in the path nv progress?" I askt. "Pint me in histry to any subjoogatid nashen that ever did anything when the iron hands uv military power wuz onto ther throats. Even the Jews, when in captivity, hung ther harps onto the willers, and refoozed to sing in strange lands. Give us our freedom agin, and we may wunst more hist a cheerful stave, and warble gaily. But ez it is—Bascom, jist one more, ef ther's room on the slate."

But now that the 900 soljers is removed, and ex hair's gat no avecome for not critin Bascom's

room on the state."

But now that the 900 soljers is removed, and exwe hain't got no excoose for not quittin Baseom's and goin out and doin suthin, Pollock and Bigler jeer at us.

The meetin uv Congris wich wuz to hev taken place in Joon wood hev given us suthin to go on. I bed speeches keerfully prepared to shoot off at the Administrashon, wich I wuz to hev furnisht our member, uv Congris, wich wuz seathin dethe Administrashen, wich I wuz to hev furnisht our member, uv Congris, wich wuz scathin denunsiasheus uv Haze, and ez they wood hev come in afore the froots uv the yooserper's polisy hed showd itself, and ez we cood predict all sorts uv trubble, it wood hev kep alive the wan in hopes uv men like me. But now he hez gone and postponed the meetin till October, by wich time them recreant Sutherners ez wants everything ex quiet ez a mill-pond, will hev got things ther own way, and we be left helplis. It's too provokin.

ther own way, and we be left neights. It's too provokin.

But of he thinks we are goin to be satisfied with the conceshuns he bes made, he is mistaken. The Suthern hart, wunst fired, keeps smolderin a long time, and ain't so easily squenched. The Corners hez demands to make, and the Corners hez demands to make, and the Corners hez demands to make, and the corners hez demands to make and the corners her demands to make and

with a word the nigger settlement at reedom, wich are customers of Pollock's, wich is a carpet-bagger, and a Republikin, and ain't therfore entitled to no considerashun watever from a consiliatory administrashen.

6. The bildin uv a permanent postoffis and Guverment bildins at the Corners.
7. The dredgin out uv the mouth uv Sandy Ruo, to make a landin ther, that we kin hev a proper markit for our prodoose, when we git nigger laber cheap enuff to begin to raise some.
Ther are some other things wich we shell want, that we may be properly consiliated; the compleshen uv the Davis Hill road, for instance, and the appropriate of the single the "Richlings with the "Richlings wit that we may be properly consiliated; the com-pleshen uv the Davis Hill road, for instance, and the appropriashen uv lands to finish the "Bibli-kle Institoot," wich never got furder than the layin uv the corner-stun, but them things will come up afterwards. Wat I hev encomerated will do for the present.

The South wants nussin, and won't be passified without. How are we want to enter the com-

The South wants nussin, and won't be passified without. How are we goin to enter upon a career uv prosperity onless the Guverment furnishes the means? We are a high-spirited but a impoverisht peeple, and want to be cared for. The war took away our laber, and left us helplis. Go into Bascom's any day, or any nite, and you will see ther a hundred helplis men, whose fields are untilled, and all uv em groanin over the condishn uv things. Our Railroads are not built, our slack-watrin ain't done, and everything is at a stand-still. The niggers wich waz wanst ourn, are labrin for therselves, and spendin the ernins on therselves. They are prosperus? Troo. But they ain't the ones to be prosperus. We, the sooperior class, are the ones wich must hey the fosterin keer uv a paternal and maternal Guverment.

ment. Let the Guverment do this for us, and ther will be peece.

Deny us these modrit rekests, and ther will continuous to be that sullen feelin wich alluz exists in a proud the conkered peeple. May the yooserper and his Senit be wise.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,

P. S.—My appintment to the Post-offs at the Corners wood go a grate way toard consillatin the Corners. It wood consiliate two, me and Baseom. It wood enable me to pay wat I owe him, and lay the foundashens for new credit, broad and strong.

## A Centennial Tragedy.

Shortly after the closing of the Centennial Exposition, at Philadelphia, the dead body of a man was found in a ravine some five or six miles from the city, too far advanced in decomposition to be recognized, and without anything on or about the person by which it could be identified. The unrecognized corpes was buried, and the matter passed out of mind. But a chance letter to Germany started an inquiry which has resulted in the discovery that the body was that of a young German of wealthy family, who was murdered under remarkable circumstances. Coming to this country alone, he formed the acquaintance, at a hotel in Philadelphia, of another German, and they became close companions. The new acquaintance insinuated himself into the confidence of the traveller, learned all about his family and where they lived, studied his handwriting, mastered his personal history, and finally murdered him, took possession of his trunk, assumed his name, opende a correspondence with his family, and has obtained large remittances from them under the plea of sickness, losses, etc. The correspondence has been carried on since last October, and the facts have only just come to light. The evidence is said to be conclusive, and quite sufficient to insure the conviction and punishment of the canning murderer.—Isdianepolis Journal.

Rosen celebrated the two thousand aix hun-

Rose celebrated the two thousand six hundred and thirtieth anniversary of her birth-day on the 21st of April, a holiday which she honors with great splender, te keep green in the memory of her people the foundation of the city 753 years before the birth of Crist. The Colliseum, the Arch of Titus, the Palatine, and Basilica of Constantine, and the forum where the "immortal" accents of notable stump orators are still eaid to glow, were all illuminated in colored lights successively; and finally all were illuminated with Bengal lights, rockets, and a majestic light from the Capitol. It isn't every city that can boast of celebrating her birthday for more than twenty-six centuries.

WHEN the Sultan avows his readiness to walk up to the cannon's mouth, he talks like the true Manuleman that he is.—New York Commercial Ad-